S1048

THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

A POEM.

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Dulce et Decorum eſt pro Patria mori. HOR.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE POEM which is here offered to the Publick was written laſt Summer, and preſented among many others to the Gentlemen appointed to adjudge the Premium given by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Litchfield*, Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Oxford*. ---Though it had not ſufficient Merit to gain the Premium, it was returned to the Author with ſome Commendations.

He then laid it by, as he thought a Publication of it might be ſuppoſed an Arraignment of the Deciſion of the Judges.

But the recent Appearance of a Poem, wrote on the ſame Occaſion, having removed his Objections on that Head, he has (perhaps too eaſily) been perſuaded by ſome partial Friends to make this publick.

QUEBEC.

A

POEM.

WRAPT in Oblivion's Shroud the youthful Muſe
Unnotic'd, long has ſlept, and Iſis mourn'd
Her Sons of Genius to the World unknown:
While to her liſt'ning Shores proud Cam imparts
Her annual Honours, far as her fam'd Stream
Laves her green Banks. But Iſis mourns no more;
Her LITCHFIELD calls, Her LITCHFIELD's Call is heard;

And

And from the Fields of Fancy, ever gay
With ſmiling Verdure and Parnaſſian Blooms,
Her Offspring glean the Records of Old Time;
And bid wide waſting War by Victory crown'd,
Live in immortal Verſe, but chiefly Thine,
Fair Albion, and thy Heroes, high renown'd
For warlike Vict'ries and ſucceſsful Toils.
Em'lous, not vain, by Glory's impulſe urg'd
I call'd the Muſe, I ſnatched the vocal Reed;
The Muſe indulgent came, and what ſhe taught,
And Hope, deluſive Maid, inſpir'd, I ſing.
As the fair Star that gilds the Spring-tide Morn,
Serenely bright, ſo Fate benignant ſhone
On Britain's Welfare, and Her Annals grac'd
With long ſucceſſive Conqueſts, and Her Throne,
Where Virtue ſat in George's Godlike Form,
With deathleſs Bays adorn'd; Peace glanc'd a Smile,
Tho' ſtern Bellona reign'd. Her Realm ſecure,

Her Plains unravag'd, with diffuſive Hand,
From her redundant Horn, fair Plenty pour'd
Her Bleſſings o'er the Steps of Induſtry:
Whilſt in the buſy Buſtle of Reſort
Flouriſh her Siſters, Commerce, Science, Arts,
Nor heav'd one Britiſh Breaſt with fancy'd fear
Of Gallic Ire. Serene and undiſmay'd
Each Heart repos'd, the fleeting Hours that form
The circling Wheel of Time, no Sorrows knew
Save what the retroſpective Soul ſpontaneous pour'd,
Dubious how ſtable her Saturnian Days.
— — — — Such, England, were thy Joys;
Such thy domeſtic Bliſs, while far remote
On the blue Boſom of th' expanſive Main
Thy Navies ride, wide ſwell their ſnowy Sails;
Their crimſon Streamers flutter to the Breeze
With undulating Grandeur, their proud Prows
Glide thro' the foaming Surge, whoſe whit'ning Waves

Indignant

Indignant roar and laſh their ſturdy Sides,
Where reſts Britannia's Thunder charged with Death.
Now martial Muſic and reſounding Shouts,
Promiſe of future Victory, aſſault
Heav'n's vaulted Dome; from whence e'en Angels lean,
Drawing the azure Curtains of the Skies,
To view Terreſtrial Splendor; while upborn,
High in his Lucid Car before the Fleet
Conducting Neptune rode, around him play'd
The Sea-green Tritons, with their winding Shells
Attuning England's Praiſe. But hold, my Muſe,
Nor let the Pageant Pomp protract thy Theme
While Merit claims the tributary Lay.
Paſs not unſung the brave Durell and Holmes
And Saunders fam'd, Lords of the boundleſs deep,
Nor leſs commemorate their bold Compeers
Monkton and Howe, and Townſhend great in Arts,
In Arms pre-eminent. And chiefly Thee,

Victorious

Victorious Wolfe, thy Country's Boaſt and Sorrow—
Thy Warriors Theſe, who late from Glory's Field,
Pluck'd the fair Laurel wet with recent Gore,
And o'er the ſhatter'd Piles of Louiſbourg
Thy Standard rear'd, and in coercive Chains
Let captive every Foe. But ſince repuls'd
From Montmorenci's Heights where thouſand Souls
Left their pale Bodies, floating on the Tide
Of purpled Neptune; and their fearleſs Barks
Suffer'd ignoble Wrecks. Now with Revenge
And love of Glory fir'd, prepar'd to fight,
To conquer or to die; their Squadrons haſte,
Before th' auſpicious Wind to where the Tow'rs
Of proud Quebec, exalt their Battlements—
Now o'er the Face of Day the ſtilly Night
Draws her black Veil, the Lucid Moon aſcends
Her ſilver axled Car, and o'er the vaſt
Extenſive Empyreum glides along,

In peerleſs Majeſty, with Virgin light
Skirting th' attendant Clouds and Mountain Tops.
Tipt with her tranſient Beams, an hundred Spires
Ruſh on the Sight, crowning the ſhaggy Brow
Of Abraham's ſteepy Heights; where ſunk in Sleep
The thoughtleſs Gauls repoſe. With cautious Silence
Th' Armaments ſteal down the favouring Tide
To tempt the Shore and Dangers yet unknown.
Aghaſt with ſudden Fear each Soldier ſtood,
Viewing the craggy Clifts, whoſe roughen'd Sides
Seem'd inacceſſible, and whoſe high Top,
Out-ſtripp'd the viſual Ray—The dauntleſs Wolfe
Pale Terror and Amazement wild beheld
Brood o'er each Face, and bounding from his Bark
Stern to th' affrighted Hoſts—Rouſe, Rouſe, (he cries)
Nor wear eternal Shame upon your Brows;
Nor claim a Frown from him for whom we've bled.
George is our King: Our Country fam'd for Hearts,

That

That into Pity's kindly Dew will melt
When Virtue ſuffers. Thoſe who bravely die
E'en like the Sun blazing, in ſetting Glory,
Veil but their Beams of Honor for a while,
To riſe ſuperior in more bliſsful Climes.
And for Ourſelves for whom th' impartial Fates
Have ſtretch'd the Thread of Life, there yet remains
A Path to Fame, tho' rough and ſteep th' aſcent
Shall we then fear? Refuſe to ſcale thoſe heights?
Where ſits immortal Glory bright enthron'd,
Where we alone can gain, alone retrieve
Our Laurels loſt at Montmorenci's Siege.
— — — — — Such were his Words
And Albion's kindling Sons their influence felt.
Swift from their Ships, her many Legions ruſh'd,
And up the rugged Rock fearleſs they climb
With Vigour irreſiſtible; whoſe Brow
At length attain'd th' encircling Camp they form,

The living Line and thick embodied Rank
O'erſpread th' embattled Plain; thro' ev'ry File
Each Chieftain darts his quick obſervant Eye.
And now the dreadful Din of Battle roars,
The Clang of Arms, the Sound of breathing Braſs,
Float on the liſt'ning Air. Th' officious Winds,
On Wings retentive the harſh murmurs bear
To where th' attractive Walls of length'ning Tow'rs
Riſe proudly eminent; the retorted Sounds
Of long continued Echoes pierce the Ear
Of ſlumb'ring Centinels. Montcalm alarm'd
Collects his ſcatter'd Troops, and to the Field
Leads forth his vaſt Battalions, numerous
As thoſe of Xerxes, whom he led acroſs
Th' extenſive Helleſpont. Anon prepar'd
Preluding Cannons Declaration give
Of op'ning War. Slow move the well-rang'd Ranks,
With meaſur'd Step, 'till Front to Front they meet

Indiſſolubly

Indiſſolubly firm. Thick mantling Flames
And Earth-born Thunder, wrapt in Wreaths of Smoke
Grace the rough Edge of War. Now Fire for Fire,
And Peal for Peal, and Death for Death exchange.
Myriads on Myriads fall on either Side;
And as the Leaves each rolling Year ſucceed
Their wither'd Anceſtry, to falling Ranks
Intrepid Lines, in bright Succeſſion riſe.
Grim Death and Deſolation Hand in Hand
Stalk o'er the bloody Field. Ten Thouſand Souls,
On Wing erratic, brave the gaping Gulf
Of dread Futurity: while on the Plain,
(A Grave unaſk'd) their mangled Bodies lie.
The Poor, the Rich, the Impious, and the Good,
(Diſtinction void) bleed in promiſcuous Heaps:
Thus while the Moon, her nightly Circuit ſteer'd
Inteſtine War, rag'd fierce and uncontroul'd;
Nor did Aurora fair, whoſe Bluſhes now

Diſtain'd

Diſtain'd the dappled Eaſt, her wonted State,
Of Eaſe and pure Tranquility enjoy.
The gleaming Blade ſtill drink empurpl'd Gore;
Still Britain's Flag was ſeen, and ſtill the Gauls
Their haughtier Banners wav'd; and ſtill the Clouds
With foreign Lightnings flaſh'd, and Thunder not their own.
E'en yet the Fate of either Army hung
In equal Poiſe. Such Fury ſteel'd each Heart,
And ſtrung each Arm, ſuch mutual Death,
By mutual Fire was made. And now, ye Fair,
Brittannia's Boaſt, withdraw your Hearts awhile
From Pleaſure's giddy Round. See, for your Sakes,
Stretch'd on the enſanguin'd Field, robb'd of the Life
Which once you held ſo dear, your Heroes fall'n.
Claims not the pallid Cheek, and lifeleſs Corpſe,
One memorable Tear? Aſks not the Soul,
Breathing its laſt in Albion's glorious Cauſe,
One grateful Sigh and ſupplicating Pray'r?

How will your Hearts rejoice, when from afar,
Whom Heav'n has will'd Victorious to ſurvive,
Rich with reſplendent Trophies, ſhall return
To bleſs your longing Arms. Let then your Thoughts,
Your tend'reſt Thoughts await 'em: O'er their Heads
Hover your gentleſt Wiſhes, Genii fair.
At length o'erpower'd the Britiſh Ranks recede,
The Gauls preſs forward, and with waſting Sword,
And Irons globous with horrid Chains connext
Diſgorg'd from the wide-mouths of angry Cannons,
They ſtrew the Plain with headleſs Trunks and Limbs,
And clotted Gore: Trampling o'er Heaps of ſlain,
They yet purſue, till Britain's Mars ſtepp'd forth;
And as beſide ſome ruſhing Cat'racts Brink,
The tott'ring Pile worn with conflicting Storms,
Of warring Elements, from its looſe Baſe,
Loud thund'ring, falls into the roaring Wave,
The Tide obſtructing; thus the rapid Courſe

Of Gallia's Sons, the daring Wolfe ſuppreſs'd,
Gracing the Phalanx' Head: This in each Breaſt
Inſpir'd heroic Ardor, ſcorning Flight,
Ignoble, Ignominious; they revert,
And with redoubled Courage, brave th' Attack
Of Foes implacable. Again the Fight
Hangs dubious, nor Retreat on either Side
Is made; and this th' obdurate Gauls perceive
With Envy ſwoln; ſwift from a well-aim'd Tube
Flies the revengeful Ball, piercing his Arm,
And to the Ground the Hero's Truncheon falls:
Unmov'd as yet in tort'ring Pain he ſtands
And deals his Mandates round. But now, alas!
The fated Death lodg'd in his gen'rous Breaſt,
The Pow'rs of Life decline; and in the Arms
Of ſome kind Fellow Warrior he falls.
Now Acclamations with the joyful Sounds
Of Cornets, Fifes, and Drums, aloud proclaim

Auguſta's

Auguſta's Conqueſt: Fix'd her Enſign ſtood,
Unmov'd and unmoleſted, o'er the Field
Waving its crimſon Glories. The glad News
Nor ſooner reach'd th' expiring Hero's Ear,
Than ſtruck with rapt'rous Joy, from the cold Bed
Of icy Death, thrice he eſſay'd to riſe,
And thrice to Earth he fell. Feeble he lay
Yet triumph'd in his Mis'ry. From his Eyes
Ran Tears of painful Pleaſure. Dulcet Smiles
Dimpled his roſeleſs Cheeks. His languid Heart,
Robb'd of its purple Tide, for Britain's Sake
Leap'd its laſt tranſport; while fair Vict'ry wove
The Laurel round his meritorious Brow.
Swift from his Godlike Frame, his purer Soul
On Virtue's downy Pinions ſoaring, fled
To mingle with the Bleſt, in happier Scenes
Of Bliſs untainted, and ſupreme Delight.
And thus the faireſt Flow'r that ever bloom'd

In Glory's vermeil Plain, the brighteſt Gem,
That ever ſparkled in Auguſta's Crown,
Lamented dropt, tho' Conqueſt grac'd his Death.
Now o'er Brittannia's Realm diffus'd around,
The gladſome Tidings ſpread; from Shore to Shore
The Voice of Pleaſure flies; The grateful Sounds,
Of replicating Shouts, with ſofter Notes
Of inſtrumental Harmony, delight
The Ear attentive. While on Thames's Banks
The deep mouth'd Cannons repercuſſive roar
Wakes every Soul to Mirth. Yet oft the Tear
Involuntary trickled o'er the Cheek
When Mem'ry pictur'd to the gen'rous Mind
Th' unrivall'd Conq'ror dead. The diſtant Vales
Rob'd in Autumnal Gold, their Harveſts wave
In Gratulation; while their native Swains
The votive Chaplet wreathe; and George and Wolfe
In rural Muſic echo thro' each Grove.

And

And now, ye favour'd Sons of Albion, bleſt
With Fortune's brighteſt Smiles, to whom 'tis giv'n
To boaſt the Sunſhine of indulgent Fate,
Live not regardleſs of the Gifts of Heav'n:
But while in Pleaſure's flow'ry Field you ſtray
With oft reverted Eye on Virtue's Form
With Ardor gaze; nor let bright Juſtice breathe
Her Heav'n-taught Dictates, unapprov'd, unheard:
Nor ſuffer baneful Luxury to diſgrace
Your hoſpitable Board; Nor Vice to ſtain
Your ſacred Roof; While o'er the deſert Wild
Religion naked, hopeleſs, and forlorn,
Wanders with weary Step. But ev'ry Hour,
With virtuous Acts improve; and ev'ry Sun
Shall riſe and ſet unconſcious of a Sigh,
Save what the Sympathetic Heart (when ſtretch'd
The bounteous Hand to miniſter Relief
E'en to a vagrant Enemy) ſhall heave.

Thus

Thus England bleſs'd, with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
Beneath thy lucid, ſalutary Ray;
O pure Religion, or in Peace or War,
Her Joys in bright Succeſſion ſhall revolve;
Her ev'ry Hero prove a Loyal WOLFE,
Her ev'ry King, a patriotic GEORGE.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 6, Line 7, for *Vict'ries* read *Virtues.*
9, Line 6, for *Let* read *Led.*
13, Line 16, place a *Comma* after the Word *ſteer'd.*
14, Line 3, for *drink* read *drank.*
15, Line 11, place a *Comma* after the Word *Trunks.*